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MR. GREELEY'S ADDRESS AT THE VERMONT STATE FAIR.

THE FIELD OF IMPROVEMENT IN AGRICULTURE.

When I, a child of ten years, first crossed the Connecticut on ice, in the winter of 1820-21, seeking opportunity to earn my bread by helping to till the soil of Vermont, this state contained some 225,000 inhabitants, or 100,000 less than her present number. But the intervening half-century has witnessed a signal multiplication and growth of her cities and villages, her quarrying and her manufactures, so that it is probable that those who live by agriculture in this state are hardly more numerous, and may even be fewer, in 1872 than they were in 1821. The area of her cultivation is doubtless larger and her annual harvests more bounteous, while these command far better prices, in 1872 than in 1821; but very much work formerly done in the field has been practically transferred to the workshop and the factory; the mowing-machine and the horse-rake shortening as well as lightening the husbandman's toil in the meadows, but trebling the cost of the implements by means of which he fills his barns—that is, transferring labor from summer to winter—from the field to the shop—from the quiet, slow-moving, rural township to the bustling village. And yet the fact remains that agriculture is not advancing in this state,—that when compared with other industries, it seems retrograding. Absolutely, its rewards are greater than in my early boyhood; relatively, they are accounted far less. Of the more intellectual, capable, aspiring youth of our state, I apprehend that but a small proportion choose and follow the farmer's vocation; and I judge that this proportion is still diminishing. I cannot be mistaken in my assumption that no more than a moderate percentage of the Vermont boys to-day foremost in school or seminary are expecting and aspiring to be farmers, even when agriculture is, or was, their father's vocation: and of this minority, the larger number purpose to pursue that calling elsewhere than upon the hills or in the valleys of their native state.

Far be it from me to deprecate, since I did not resist the constant, silent, irrepressible impulse which has led and is leading so many of the sons and daughters of Vermont to seek employment and homes elsewhere than upon her soil. It was best neither for them, for their country, nor for mankind, that all to whom this state has given birth should have clung obstinately, persistently, like barnacles, to the spot where they first began to be. I have been widely misrepresented as urging every one to "go West," when I give such counsel only to those who cannot find satisfactory work and adequate bread in the East. If you have or can secure all you need where you are, I advise you not to "go West," nor go anywhere, but remain where you are: for pioneer life is rugged and toilsome at best, involving years of prevalent hardship and privation. It is hard for men, it often proves too hard for women, to find themselves suddenly transferred from a snug, warm cot, cosily nestled among these hills, with the school-house, church, store, mills, &c., within easy reach, to a rude cabin of logs or rough boards, located on a bleak western prairie, where everything seems to the unfamiliar eye, coarse, ungenial, repulsive. Time softens the harsh outline, revealing beauties and advantages which replace, in greater or less degree, those which were relinquished by removal: but when every mitigation, every offset has been fairly considered, the wrench given to the affections of even the humblest New Englander by migration to the West is a great and perilous ordeal; so that homesickness has killed many a wife and mother who bravely consented for her children's sake to be torn up by the roots and transplanted to Illinois or Iowa, whose attractions great as they are, could never wean her from her fervent, absorbing love of the green hills amid which her childhood was cradled. I *do* believe in going West; but I cannot recommend it to any who have passed the meridian of their days; and I deem its undeniable privations more lightly regarded, more easily bourne, by young couples just setting out to traverse arm-in-arm alike the flowery and the thorny by-ways of life than by almost any others.

I have not meant to deny that the last half-century has witnessed progress in the agriculture of this state; and I do not cite the fact that, whereas she formerly grew her own bread-grain and somewhat more, she now buys the greater portion of it, as discreditable. If she can make her bread cheaper by grazing than by plowing—by selling wool and butter than by growing wheat and rye—so be it. But when I call to mind the interminable procession of wagons laden with the wheat of your northwestern counties that used to pass on their way to market at Troy or Albany, down the turnpike in Westhaven beside which I was cutting brush and burning logs of fifty years ago, and consider that the very fields on which that wheat grew luxuriently would now yield but half a crop, and that precariously, I halt, and ask whether that can be good farming which disqualifies land for producing the very staff of life.

But "the insect"—the weevil, midge, or fly—I hear it said, has stopped the growth of wheat in New England. I do not admit the apology. I regard the alleged cause of failure as itself an effect of bad husbandry. I may not be able—nay, I am *not* able—to trace the evil to its ultimate source; but I find a clew to that source in a fact related to me from his personal observation by the late Gov. William F. Packer of Pennsylvania. Said he: "I am familiar with the narrow valley of one of the pretty tributaries of the Susquehanna, in the middle of which a highway ran for forty years, with a narrow field in cultivation on either side. At length, the road was thrown up, and the entire width of the valley, roadway included, became one field which was sown to wheat. At harvest-time, there was good, sound grain for the full width of the roadway, while the strip on either side was mere straw and chaff—the grain having been destroyed by an insect." It was something lacking in the soil which weakened the plant and invited the ravages of the insect.

It is quite currently assumed in our day that our youth shun agriculture because they hate work. This assumption is one of those partial, imperfect truths which have the effects of falsehood.—Our boys do not choose to lift, and tug, and strain, when the ends of such exertion can be attained without such expenditure of vital force—who ever did? As we come to think and reflect more, we learn to moderate our physical exertion and be sparing of our muscular force. The untaught, unthinking slave raises his wheelbarrow to the top of his head and carries it there; the school-taught freeman prefers to trundle it before him along the ground. The hay crop of to-day is saved with less than half the tax on human muscle freely paid by our grandfathers. Admit that our boys do not choose to bend their back-bones into hoops and indurate their muscles into whip-cord, if they can achieve a comfortable livelihood otherwise, I see nothing in this to provoke invective or justify reproach. An intellectual age and people naturally prefer to substitute animal or mechanical powers for that of human sinews, wherever it can do so with facility and manifest advantage.

Now, it is the simple, manifest truth that far greater progress in this substitution has been made in other industries than in agriculture. Commerce, which once employed wagons, and caravans, and row-boats, has nearly dispensed with these by the aid of wind and steam—of sailing vessels, steam-ships, railroads and locomotives. Steam takes our cotton, corn, and other staples, from a station near the grower, puts it on shipboard by an elevator, speeds it across an ocean, hoists it into the merchant's loft, and lowers it down again wherever it is wanted. Mind directs and guides, while steam applies all the physical force that is needed. So in almost every department of manufacture. The brain-power is of human origin; this commands, impels, and regulates all the other power required. In agriculture, this is but partially, imperfectly paralleled; and agriculture loses in consequence the service of the brighter, abler portion of our youth. We must remedy this, not by fruitless, senseless railing at the boys for doing what seems to them fittest and most inviting, but by extending the conquests, by enlarging the domain of mechanical power.

Let me barely hint—for I can only take time to hint—at some of the directions in which this enlargement is to be sought and realized:

1. *Wind.*—For at least five thousand years, wind has played a leading part in navigation; why not in cultivation? Does nature afford any reason for regarding wind as inherently tractable and serviceable on water but not on land? Men have ground grain by wind power for at least a hundred generations; why not thresh it as well? Nay, why should it not press cheese, and turn grindstone, and saw wood, and pump water, and even, ultimately, plow fields? Who dreams that the inventions of the past bear any proportion to those of the imminent future? We have at length learned that such is the elasticity of air that a wind-mill running throughout the night, may thereby accumulate power to be expended during the ensuing day or days. Can you suppose that we shall much longer know this enormous aggregate of power, which has hitherto thrust itself into our very faces unregarded or at least uncomprehended, to expend its energies in toppling over our chimneys and blowing the apples from our trees? I tell you this is not possible. I have nothing to say of A's or B's or C's contrivance for utilizing the power of wind in the service of agriculture. If you insist that all these are fantastic and absurd, I shall not contradict you; I shall only insist in my turn that the power is there—that it sweeps over every field on almost every day, and that the means of utilizing it, if not yet discovered, soon will and must be.

11. *Water*—a hilly, woody country naturally abounds in springs and brooks—in rippling streamlets and dashing cascades. All these are reservoirs of power—for the most part unused, unregarded power. Our waterfalls, whether natural or artificial, will yet be employed to create (I should say transfer) power, in the shape of compressed air; and this power will in time be used at long distances from the point at which it was pressed into the service of man. Especially in regions like this, where considerable streamlets often fall a hundred feet in a mile, will water be made to play a prominent part in the creation or utilization of [illegible] the farmer. The Hon. William D. Kelley, arguing to a southern audience the impolicy of slavery, asserted that a dozen men and dogs had often followed for days on the track of one lame negro, while water-power equivalent to the muscular force of a thousand negroes ran to waste unregarded beside them. We smile at the folly thus forcibly exposed; but might not the smile be broadened into a laugh and turned against ourselves? If we lack the brain power to stop this monstrous waste, I feel sure that our grandchildren will possess and exercise it.

111. *Steam.* Whether steam may or may not soon be superseded by electricity or some other natural force, I cannot stop here to consider. I cannot believe that the power which sends messages in an instant from Stamboul to San Francisco will long be found inadequate or unfit to lighten the farmer's labor or to increase its product. As yet, however, steam is the only force artificially evolved from dead, inorganic matter which has been widely pressed into the service of productive industry. Steam forges the hammers and cuts iron; it converts animal and vegetable fibers into every form and fashion of textile fabric; it is to-day doing more work than all the artisans and artificers on earth could do without it. Steam is to-day man's most useful servant; the ox and the horse do his bidding on a far wider area; but their relative power is declining, while that of steam is still rapidly advancing. To dispense with steam would set us back a long stage on the road whereby we have advanced from barbarism.

But steam has as yet rendered little direct service to the farmer. It should and might have rendered much. Animal power is not merely slow and ineffective in comparison with this; it labors under the capital disadvantage of being costly while idly waiting through weeks and months for the return of genial weather; whereas a steam engine no longer used or needed may be oiled up and set away under shelter, where it need consume nothing until once more needed. If steam were as costly while in use as horse-power, this fact would render it immensely preferable. Never striking for higher wages nor fewer hours, steam will work unceasingly, uncomplainingly, from Monday morning till Saturday night, asking only to be fed, and drinking nothing stronger than water.

Our harsh, capricious climate, with its late and early frosts, its long frozen and then thoroughly sodden fields, invites to the use of steam. I have known Illinois and her neighbors to be visited with rain after rain in spring-time, so that scarcely an acre per township of plowing for corn had been effected by the middle of May. Now the sky clears, the soil dries, and everything invites to plowing and planting; but there is hardly time to put in half a crop before seeding must give way to cultivating, and the planted area can be no further enlarged. With steam plows, quadruple the present number of acres may be fitted to receive the seed in a week; and so all the risk and loss to which a rainy season in spring now subjects us may be obviated.

Of course, New England will nevermore grow all her own again; she can do better. But that she might advantageously grow more grain, and larger average crops of it, I fully believe. The chief obstacle of her grain-growing inheres not in her climate, nor even in the qualities of her soil, but in its vicious topography. An arable, fertile acre or so, with a rocky ridge on one side and a morass or sodden, weedy brook margin on the other, affords no scope for the profitable growing of grain. Our Eastern agriculture is too fragmentary—a thing of shreds and patches. As I sat beside a New England born farmer in Illinois, and looked off across his quarter-section of dry, fertile prairie, mainly under fence, I asked him, "How much corn do you grow annually?" "About sixty acres." "With what help?" "None." "What area do you plant in a day?" "Fourteen acres." It would take a man a week, on an average, to plant fourteen acres hereabout: and then it would not be so well planted as by the Illinoisan's seed-drill, dropping and covering two rows as fast as he wanted to walk.

Now the hilly, swampy, irregular surface of New England is an unalterable fact, and as such is to be respected. But, while it cannot be overcome, it may be modified. Here are two strips of rich, arable soil, with a swampy intervale separating them. Drain that efficiently, and you have a field of fifteen or twenty acres, all of which may be this year in potatoes, next year in corn, then in oats, and then laid down in grass, or cropped in whatever rotation experience may suggest. If the arable fields of this state were thus enlarged, by the sweeping away of fences, the removal of superficial rocks, and draining of bogs, until ten to forty acres might be given to one crop, instead of a patch of one to five acres as at present, she would grow far more grain, and to a greater profit, than is now possible.

Let me indicate a few more points at which improvement seems to me feasible and commendable.—

1, *Irrigation.*—This, the original basis and incitement of tillage, is, in my view, one of its later requirements also. God taught men to prepare the earth and sow seed by setting them the example in the annually inundated valleys of the lower Nile and other rivers. From this to damming back water and thus keeping it for application to the soil when thirsty, is but a step; yet man was long in taking that step. At present the great plain of Lombardy or upper Italy, sloping from the Alps to the Po, and crossed by the Adige, Mincio, and many smaller tributaries, affords the best subsisting example of comprehensive, successful irrigation; though Utah follows at some distance, and Colorado is following rather timidly in Utah's footsteps. That irrigation is desirable in itself, no one doubts; the practical question to be answered is, "Will it pay?" On this point, I proffer some suggestions based on extensive observation and some little experience:

Follow any of the streams that start near the crest of the Green Mountains down to the Connecticut on the one hand, or to Lake Champlain or the Hoosac on the other, and you will note many places where water might be taken out, by the help of a cheap dam or ditch, and conducted along a hillside or across a swale or valley so as to be gradually let off in rills or petty rivulets to moisten and fertilize the slope between it and the stream whence it was taken. Very little of it would reach that destination, as the thirsty earth would drink it up by the way. I estimate that of the total area of this state, 100,000 acres immediately, 1,000,000 ultimately, might thus be irrigated at an average cost of $20 per acre and with an average increase of their annual product by at least $5 per acre, or an interest on the investment of 25 per cent. There are doubtless gold mines in Utah or Colorado, as there possibly may be diamond mines in Arizona that would pay better interest than this, but I should prefer not to designate them. In fact, I do not know another enterprise which seems to me so certain to yield a large profit as that of irrigating the hillsides and intervales of this same Vermont.

Almost any one who has on his farm even the smallest streamlet with a considerable fall in it; may experiment in irrigation on a small scale, as I have done, and satisfy himself that it pays, before proceeding farther. You do not need an engineer; if you had one, he could not make the water run up hill; whereas it will run down hill at your solicitation as readily as though you were the best engineer on earth. If you try to make it run up hill, it will prove obstinate; respect nature and her laws and you will find her a trusty servant and friend. Your own observation will soon tell you where you can most easily dam your stream so as to have a considerable body of water in spring and rainy weather, in order to have it ready for application when needed, and how you can lead it off so as to irrigate the largest area at a moderate cost. Begin by irrigating two or three acres, and you will o on be satisfied that you can do more and still more, until all your land which lies lower than the highest point at which you can fill a reservoir shall be occasionally refreshed by the vivifying appliance.

Irrigation necessarily fertilizes. It saves to the land much of the nourishing juices that would naturally pass off, especially in times of thaw or flood, to be squandered upon rivers, bays and the ocean. I doubt that any irrigated field is less fertile, or less productive to-day than it was on the morning of creation.

Ultimately, we shall supplement the flow of our streams by digging wells on the highest point in a large swale or plain and placing a self-acting wind-mill over each, shall set it to pumping up water by night or by day when wind serves, into a shallow reservoir by its side, whence, after being thoroughly warmed by the sun, it will be gradually drawn away to irrigate the field or fields lying below. Were this done wherever it could be to profit, the annual product of ten thousand farms in this state might be doubled at a cost far below the price at which their owners now hold them.

I was looking through Virginia some years ago, in a time of general drought, and saw a field of perhaps ten acres of corn parching and withering in the July sun. A brook large enough to run a small grist-mill came brawling and foaming down from the adjacent hills, passed through the center of that corn-field at a depression of a few feet below its average surface, and fell into the river at its lower side. I am entirely confident that $200 judiciously spent would have sufficed to irrigate at least half of that corn-field, doubling its annual product, whether of grain or grass, henceforward until time shall be no more. Yet the owner went on plowing four or five inches deep from year to year, growing half a crop when rains were abundant and seasonable, with next to no crop at all when summers were dry, and of Heaven—possibly to be averted by fasting and prayer—when a six weeks' drought denied him any corn. Whatever may be thought of such theology, that husbandry was simply adommable. The prayer of faith which would have saved that corn crop must have been uttered with axes, spades, and shovels.

11. *Forests.*—The green which gave this state her beautiful name was that of her primitive forests; I regret that they palpably grow smaller and lighter. Not that trees were not made to be cut down and forests to give place to cultivated fields; I know they were, and rejoice in the dispensations. But between the clearing away of forests to give place to fruitful fields and happy homes on the one hand, and destroying *all* forests, so that fields can no longer be fruitful nor homes happy, there is a wide space; and the necessity which impelled our pioneer ancestors to destroy trees as a life-work has rendered their descendants indiscriminate and reckless in forest extermination. Our fathers found trees in their way, and cut them out of it by wholesale; we go on doing as they did when their reasons for it no longer serve us, I judge that Vermont has this day not only far less timber, but a smaller area devoted to growing it, than she should have; that her fields are becoming more arid, her streams scantier and more capricious, because of the dearth of trees. Many a dairy farmer has said, "Away with the woods! I can buy my fuel with the grass I can cut on the ground they now cover,"—which is a grave mistake. Every farmer should have from 15 to 25 per cent of his acres covered with forest, and will average more grass, year by year, than if the owner had stripped his land bare of trees. Keep the crests of his ridges, the sides of his ravines, well covered with timber, and he will cut more grass from 80 acres thus shielded from the drying up of its springs und slopes than if he had his whole 100 acres denuded of trees and devoted to grass. This is one of the few cases in which a part is greater than the whole. But the farmers of Vermont should not only preserve their woods; they should study to improve them. They ought long since to have begun to replace the glorious pine forests which they so madly annihilated; they ought to realize that 100 acres of beach, red oak, hemlock, white birch, etc., etc., are worth far less than those same acres covered with white ash, black walnut, hickory, chestnut, locust, and white pine would be. And the cost of transforming a comparatively worthless into a relatively choice and precious forest is far less, save in time, than is generally supposed. Keep planting the better species as you cut out the worse, and your forest will gradually become worth $500 per acre where it is now worth but $50. No man that has been educated up to a perception that apple-trees ought to be grafted should have lived to this day unconscious of the truth that forests, at least in well settled communities, should be made to grow mainly choice timber instead of inferior or indifferent.

I hold that systematic tree-planting is already in order in Vermont—that thousands of her farms should have acres of their crests and steeper hillsides planted with hickory, locust, white pine, etc., immediately. Give your seeds, or young trees a fair start, fence out your cattle, and they will need little care or labor. And you will not have to wait thirty or forty years for some return for your investment, as is commonly supposed. Within six years, you may begin to cut hoop-poles, and by cutting these at the right time, you may have at least two new ones start from almost every stump, and grow far more rapidly and vigorously than from the seed. Believe me, there are few so safe and productive methods of investing money for your children as by buying forests of young timber so situated as to be exempt from danger by fire, and by planting and caring for trees.

It is my conviction that far more labor than has ever yet been bestowed on the soil of this state might be applied with profit—that the reclamation of wet lands by underdraining, the subsoiling of fields where clay or loam would thus be mingled with sand or gravel, the application of fertilizers, especially of gypsum to hills, and to heavy clays of freshly burned, unslaked lime (especially of that portion usually rejected by builders) would be generously requited by more generous harvests. I hold that Vermont may wisely proffer to many of her industrious sons inducements to stay at home which should outweigh their inducements to seek homes elsewhere. But these propositions I barely suggest, leaving their consideration to the intelligent and forehanded yeomanry of this State. Should they respectively decide that they can afford to drain bogs and plant trees, and subsoil, and fertilize as vigorously as I have on my own little farm, she will have at least half a million people at the taking of the next federal census in 1880. For though she may never grow grain so luxuriantly or make meat so cheaply as some of her advantages and attractions which those who, after once enjoying them, have pitched their tents elsewhere, and perhaps better trained to appreciate than the sons who have never abandoned her soil. No hills are greener, no skies are brighter, no waters purer, no air more bracing than hers: and I do not know that any other State affords a better common school education to the great body of her sons and daughters than she does; and I gratefully proclaim my indebtedness to her schools for the better part of whatever training in letters and the rudiments of science I received. One of the most eminent of her sons, the late Stephen A. Douglass, borrowing an expression of Daniel Webster's remarked that "Vt. was a noble state to emigrate from;" and this if rightly considered is no slender praise. A philosopher reckoned it among the chief blessings which attended our earthly pilgrimage to be well-born; and he is, in an important sense, well-born, who has reason to be proud of the land in which his eyes first opened to the light. And surely no son even by adoption, of Vermont, ever regarded her history without a glow of pride in her renown.

Foremost in the war for independence, she had probably more men and boys in the army which compelled the surrender of Burgoyne, than she had left at home with strength to raise and aim a musket, and she never faltered in the darkest hour of any subsequent struggle for freedom and right. She had no tories in the revolution, and no slave hunter ever tracked his quarry to her soil and failed to be sent home baffled and defeated. Her past gives assurance and justifies confidence as to her future. While our country maintains her liberty and her greatness, the virtues of Vermont will be a precious portion of the national heritage: and if this country is destined, in the providence of God, to illustrate the frailty of all things earthly and material—if corruption shall debauch her legislation and palsy her manly strength—let us never doubt that the last struggle of expiring liberty will be made among these green hills—that from their summits the eagle will take flight to some land beyond the ocean where justice is not bought and sold as merchandise, and man disdains to traffic in the rights of his fellow men.

LETTER FROM MINNESOTA.

I have been particularly impressed with the different modes of opening farms and building homes in the west, especially by the poorer class of people. Many, I think, who live in the old eastern states and never saw any of the pioneers' life, have an incorrect idea of the amount of labor impended, and the many inconveniences it is necessary for one to put up with, to get a home in a new and unsettled country, although it has been cleared by nature of the wood and stone.

You have newspaper accounts of the many who are building homes in the west and thus accumulating wealth in an incredibly short time. Pamphlets are circulated, putting forth the unparalleled inducements offered by the *far west* to those who wish to get homes easy; but seldom do the writers mention the many who come west, with ideas gathered from these resources, expecting to find farms all ready to plow and put in their grain, which will afford enough to meet all expenses, pay for the land in its wild state, and build a house to live in.

Now I propose to present the subject as nearly as possible, in the same light I see it in..

First, let us look at the length of time necessary to reduce the soil and prepare it for the first crop. A person taking a claim in the spring, or early summer, can spend the breaking season in turning the wild sod, which will cost him three dollars per acre on smooth prairie, and more in proportion to the number of grubs (roots of small bushes) in the soil. This season lasts until the middle of July when the grass gets too tough to rot readily.

From this time until cold weather he can work out for from sixteen to twenty dollars per month or from one to three dollars per day. Through the winter he can work at odd jobs until spring when he can back-set his breaking and put in his first crop, which will be ready to harvest in July and August, and generally yields from twenty to forty bushels to the acre. Thus he spends sixteen months to get the first crop, four to six months of the time being spent entirely on the land and in harvesting, stacking and thrashing his grain. The remaining time being the poorest working months of the year.

As a return for this labor, he gets for his grain from fifty to ninety cents a bushel and pays the expenses of thrashing, storing, and drawing the grain to market.

Now if a poor man come here, as many do, without the means of buying a team or hiring his breaking done, and hires the money to get this done, paying from twelve to twenty-four per cent interest; gets trusted for his fencing material or spends his time keeping cattle the same for his debts, how much will remain of this first crop after paying the expenses?

The second crop is generally spent to get family provisions, and build a house to live in. Machinery and tools for tilling the soil and securing the crops will take two or more crops, and if the land be a preemption, another crop is used, thus taking five years at least to secure a farm which, under favorable circumstances, will bring from one to three thousand dollars.

To be sure, some clear their farms and become independent at the close of five years; but many have to work an extra two years to prove up on a homestead or pre-emption

Trying to get too much land and paying the high interest allowed in this state are the means of more discontent and failures than any other cause.

A person who can command from five to ten hundred dollars to make a beginning with and put the improvements on, necessary to comfort, and to render the cultivation of his land easy, can take a homestead and at the close of five years will be independent of debt and well situated to carry on his farm on a profitable scale. But most people who have this amount of money, buy land that has been improved, paying from one to two thirds down and mortgaging the land for the balance at twelve percent, thus starting in debt and working on the short arm of the lever,—many soon become disgusted and curse the country or go back to tell their sad tale to their eastern cotemporaries.

G. H. Dewing.

Shelbyville, Aug. 31, 1872.

Grant's What's the Matter!

Bonfires blaze and cannon [illegible]
What, what's the matter?
Waves the good old flag once more,
What, what's the matter?
We rally round the brave and true—
Freedom's battle-cry renew,
Hurrah for Grant and Wilson, too,
That's what's the matter.

Grant's what's the matter now,
Grant's what's the matter;
To victory we're marching now,
That's what's the matter.

Listen to the people's voice,
What, what's the matter?
Grant and Wilson is the choice,
That's what's the matter;
On to Richmond, long ago,
Grant marched, and laid rebellion low,
Again to Washington he'll go,
That's what's the matter.

Grant's what's the matter now,
Grant's what's the matter;
To victory we're marching now,
That's what's the matter.

Blow the bugle, beat the drum,
What, what's the matter?
The year of Jubilee has come,
That's what's the matter;
Grant and Wilson here we greet,
All foes before them must retreat,
For they're a team that can't be beat,
That's what's the matter.

Grant's what's the matter now,
Grant's what's the matter;
To victory we're marching now,
That's what's the matter.

A green sort of a chap seeing sights in New York, one day, and coming across to a bank, he stepped in and began to gawk around.

"Well, what do you want?" gruffly inquired stuck-up clerk, who happened to be alone in the bank.

"Wal, I dunno," drawled he, "What dew you sell?"

"Calves' heads," replied the clerk.

"Pshaw! you don't say so!" and then looking around, he said:

"Must be a goll dang good trade."

"Why so?"

"'Cause I see you ain't got but one head left."

He shot out of the door of that bank just in time to dodge an ink-bottle that the clerk started after him.

A sentimental and spoony youth having in a transport of ardor told his love that "a hundred million years of eternity might pass away and still better would he love her," the young lady naively remarked that at the end of eternity she would reciprocate his attachment.

An American made himself famous in London on Monday by saving a drowning person in the Thames, under circumstances of great risk and danger.

What agonies must that poet have endured who, writing of his love, asserted in his manuscript that he "kissed her under the silent stars," and found that the compositor had made him declare that he "kicked her under the cellar stairs."